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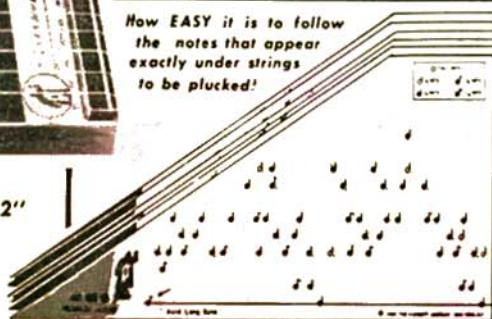
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**NEW**

**THE NOTES ON THE  
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MATCH  
THE STRINGS  
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SONGS ON SIGHT!**

How EASY it is to follow  
the notes that appear  
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2 FULL OCTAVES  
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# Bantam BUCKAROO

LOOK, MIKE! IT'S KILLER--THAT BIG WILD STALLION NOBODY'S EVER BEEN ABLE TO CAPTURE! GOLLY, WISH I COULD GET A ROPE ON HIM!

DON'T EVER LET ME CATCH YUH NEAR HIM! THEY GAVE 'IM THAT NAME BECAUSE HE'S AN OUTLAW-- A MURDEROUS CAYUSE THAT'LL FINISH OFF ANY HOMBRE HE KIN GIT TO!

**Y**OU'VE MET WESTERN HEROES APLENTY, READER--FAST-SHOOTING, HARD-RIDING WADDIES THAT WROTE THEIR MARK IN BLAZING BULLETS! BUT NOW MAKE WAY FOR YOUR FAVORITE AND OURS--A PINT-SIZED PACKAGE OF PURE URANIUM THAT'S GEARED FOR ACTION! MAKE WAY FOR LITTLE LOBO--THE BANTAM BUCKAROO!

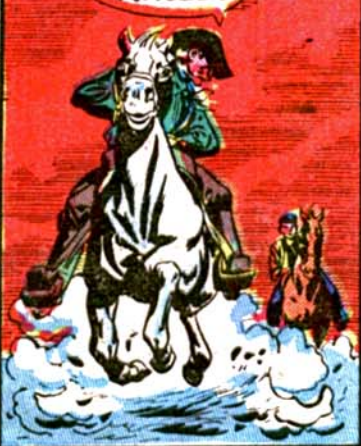


BUT IF IT'S GOOD HOSS-FLESH YUH'RE INTERESTED IN, WHUT'S WRONG WITH SPUD HERE --THE GREATEST, FASTEST NAG EVER BRED IN THIS COUNTRY?

MEBBE--BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY BRONC? TELL YUH WHAT, MIKE--LET'S RACE!

BUT LOBO'D BITTEN OFF FAR MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW!

WELL--WE RACED!



YESSIR--BUT WAIT'LL I **REALLY** RACE SPUD AT THE COUNTY FAIR NEXT WEEK! HE'LL SURPRISE **EVERBODY**--INCLUDIN' **PARSON BLAKE** AN' THAT SPEEDY CAYUSE O' HIS THAT'S WON ALL THE RACES IN THESE PARTS!

**AHEM!** CAN IT BE THAT MY HORSE'S VICTORIOUS STANDING IN THIS COMMUNITY IS BEING QUESTIONED?







--OR CAN IT BE THAT YOU ARE JUST TALKING BIG--**BLUFFING**, AS IT WERE? WHICH IS MY OPINION, SIR! I SHALL BE GLAD TO BACK IT BY A \$10,000 WAGER ON MY **CHIEFTAIN**--AS AGAINST YOUR SPUD!

I WON'T TAKE THAT FROM **NO-BODY**--NOT EVEN YOU, PARSON! IF ONLY I HAD THAT KIND O' MONEY TO BET--



AH, BUT YOU HAVE A **RANCH** OF THAT VALUE! SHALL WE MAKE IT YOUR SPREAD AGAINST MY \$10,000 --OR DO YOU FIND YOUR COURAGE FALTERING?

**NO, MIKE! KEEP OUTA THIS, LOBO!** PARSON, YUH'RE SHORE BUCKIN' A TOUGH HOMBRE--AN' A FAST HOSS! YUH'RE ON!



**GOOD!** THEN IT SHALL BE MY ENTRY AGAINST YOURS! BUT REMEMBER--THERE CAN BE NO WITHDRAWAL FROM THE RACE! IF EITHER OF US FAILS TO RUN A HORSE--**HE LOSES!** DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! JUST CONCENTRATE ON THE **BEATIN'** YORE NAG'S GONNA TAKE!



GOSH, MIKE, THE RANCH IS ALL YUH GOT! YUH SHOULDN'T O' DONE IT!

**FERGET IT!** MY SPUD'S THE FASTEST THING ON FOUR FEET--AN' THAT \$10,000 IS AS GOOD AS MINE!



IT'S NOT SPUD I'M THINKIN' ABOUT--BUT **PARSON BLAKE HIMSELF!** I DON'T TRUST HIM, MIKE! THAT WOULDN'T HURT-A-FLY LOOK THAT MAKES FOLKS CALL HIM **PARSON**--I THINK IT COVERS A **BLACK HEART!**

**YUH'RE LOCO!** WHY, HE'S NOTHIN' BUT A TIMID LITTLE GUY WITH A COUPLA TOUGH RIDERS!



**THE DAY BEFORE THE RACE--** HE RAN THAT MILE IN NOTHIN' FLAT, LOBO! I **TOLD** YUH THERE WAS NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!

**I STILL DON'T TRUST PARSON!** PLEASE, MIKE, AS A FAVOR TO ME--**HAVE SLIM SLEEP IN THE STABLE TONIGHT!**



**HIDDEN ON A NEARBY HILL--**

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH TO--ER--SHAKE MY CONFIDENCE IN MY OWN HORSE'S SPEED! IT IS INDEED REGRETTABLE, BUT WE SHALL HAVE TO TAKE STEPS--**TONIGHT!**



MIDNIGHT--

HEARD A NOISE...  
WHO'S THERE?



MINUTES LATER--

I-I DIDN'T SEE HIM--  
HE GOT ME FROM THE  
REAR!



RAISED HIM FROM A COLT, AND  
NOW--**DEAD!** AND GOODBYE  
RANCH! THERE'S NO OTHER  
HOSS I KIN ENTER IN THE RACE  
THAT WOULD STAND A CHANCE  
AGAINST PARSON'S NAG!  
YUH'D NEED A FIREBALL  
LIKE SPUD FER THAT--A  
HOSS THAT COULD RUN  
LIKE A BAT OUTA  
HADES--

THIS IS PARSON'S DOING--I'M  
**SURE** OF IT! IT'S HIS WAY  
OF MAKING SURE OF HIS BET!  
AND IF WE COULD ONLY **PROVE**  
HE SHOT SPUD, THE BET  
WOULD BE OFF!

I'M SICK AN'  
TIRED OF HEARIN'  
YUH YELLIN' ABOUT  
PARSON BLAKE!  
CLEAR OUTA HERE,  
BEFORE I--



AND SO THE **BANTAM BUCKARDOO** CLEARED OUT--AND  
SET FORTH ON A SECRET ERRAND!

MY MIND'S MADE UP, AN' MIKE CAN'T CHANGE  
IT! I'M GONNA INVESTIGATE OUT AT PARSON'S  
RANCH, AN' TRY TO PIN SOMETHIN' ON HIM BEFORE  
THE RACE TOMORROW! GOLLY--THAR ISN'T  
MUCH TIME--



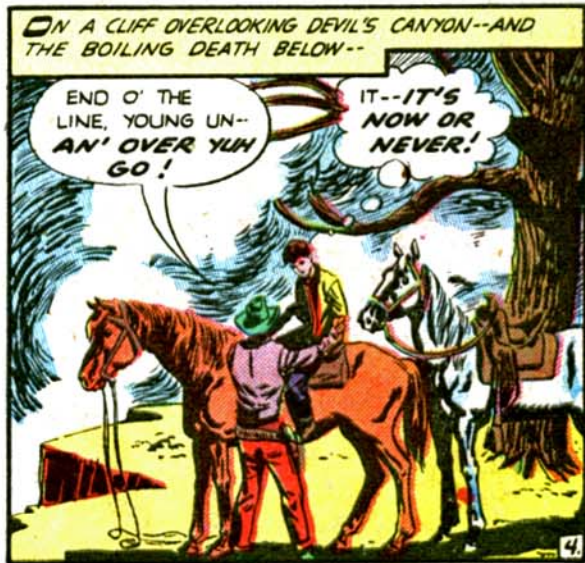
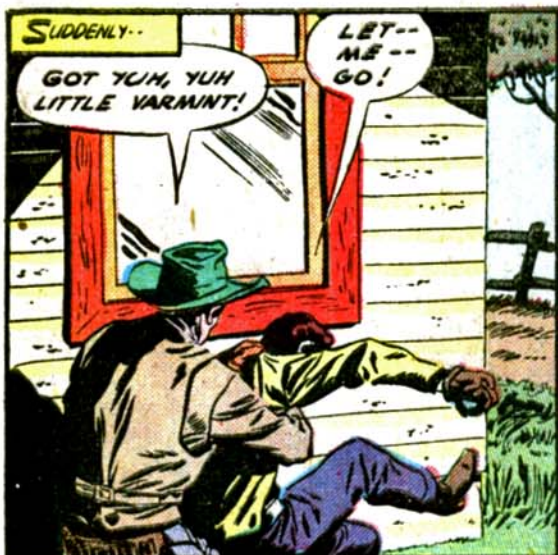
AT THE BLAKE SPREAD--LOBO OVERHEARS--

SMART OF YUH,  
SHOOTIN' THAT NAG,  
BOSS! THAR'S NO  
WAY WE KIN LOSE  
THE RACE **NOW!**

AND NO WAY I CAN POSSIBLY  
LOSE MIKE HARNEY'S **RANCH!**  
AH, IT POSSESSES THE AMPLE  
WATER AND FINE GRAZING I'VE  
WANTED SO LONG! AND EN-  
TICING HIM INTO OUR WAGER  
--IT WAS A STROKE OF  
**GENIUS!**







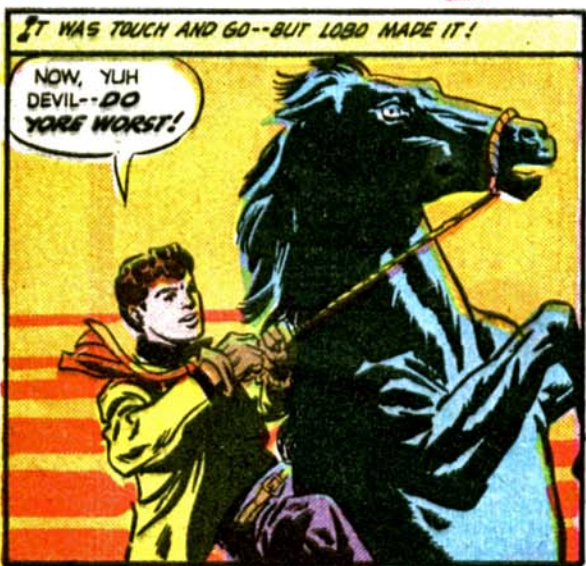
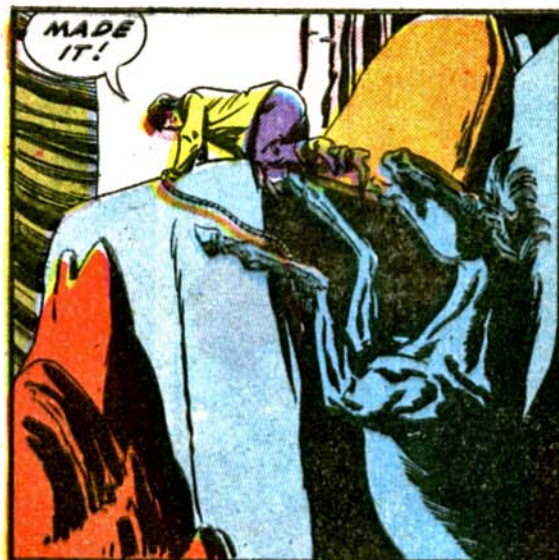




IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR THE BANTAM BUCK--  
AROO! BUT AT THE LAST MOMENT--QUICK  
THINKING AND FAST ACTION PAY OFF!









AND FINALLY...THE GREAT HORSE WAS BROKEN!

EASY, BOY--EASY!--IT--IT'S HARD TUM REALIZE I'VE TAMED THE GREATEST HOSS THAT--HEY! WHAT WAS IT THAT MIKE SAID--THAT THE ONLY CAYUSE THAT COULD STAND A CHANCE AGAINST PARSON BLAKE'S NAG WAS A FIREBALL LIKE SPUD--A HOSS THAT COULD RUN LIKE A BAT OUTA HADES--!



WELL--I GOT THAT HOSS RIGHT HERE! THAR ISN'T TIME--THE RACE'LL BE ON BEFORE I KIN GIT THAR-- BUT I'M GONNA GIVE IT A TRY, ANYWAY!



LATER--AT THE COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS--

IT--IT SORTA GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN, PARSON--BUT I'M ASKIN' YUH TUM CALL OUR BET OFF! MUH HOSS IS DEAD-- **MURDERED--AN' I GOT NO OTHER MOUNT TUM ENTER!**



LOBO WAS RIGHT ABOUT HIM--AN' I WAS **WRONG!** IF ONLY I'D REALIZED--



THE RACE IS ON! THEN--FROM OUT OF NOWHERE--

WHERE'D THEY COME FROM? HOLY HANNAH--THAT'S **KILLER, THE WILD STALLION!**



WE'RE FAR BEHIND-- **LOBO!** OUTA THE BUT RACE ALREADY WHAT--BUT I'LL TRY, ANYWAY! **LET'S GO, KILLER!**

MEANWHILE, UP AT THE FRONT OF THE PACK--SERENELY CONFIDENT--

IT'S A WALKAWAY! NOTHIN' KIN STOP US NOW--HOPE PARSON COMES THROUGH WITH A GOOD SPILT ON THAT RANCH WE'RE WINNIN'!



BUT SUDDENLY--

SUFFERIN' GUN-FISH--DO YUH SEE WHAT I SEE?



NO--IT CAN'T BE! WE MUST BE DREAMIN'!

**LOBO! LOBO!**





FROM FAR OUT OF THE RACE, LOBO--THE BANTAM BUCKAROO--AND A FLAMING WILD STALLION WHOSE LIGHTNING SPEED WAS UNEQUALED--

COME ON, KILLER--GIVE IT ALL YUH GOT! WE'RE GAININ' ON PARSON'S HORSE! MEBBE--MEBBE WE'LL DO IT YET!



RUN, YUH VARMIN'T-- RUN! HE'S--CATCHIN' US!



NO IN THE LAST CRUCIAL MOMENT--

YUH DID IT, KILLER-- YUH DID IT!



NEVER MIND THE CONGRATULATIONS, MIKE--THERE GOES PARSON! HE SHOT SPUD--I HEARD HIM BOASTIN' ABOUT IT--AN' HE TRIED TUH HAVE ME KILLED, TOO!

HE DID, EH? WELL--HERE'S WHAR I GET BACK SOME OF MUH OWN!

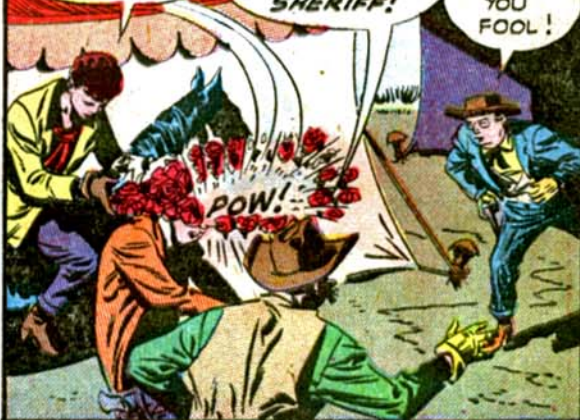


AS MIKE AND LOBO TEAM UP IN A FAST CHARGE--

FLOWERS FER YUH, WADDY--AN' YUH'LL NEED 'EM!

HOLD ON THAR, PARSON! YUH GOT A DATE WITH THE SHERIFF!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, YOU FOOL!

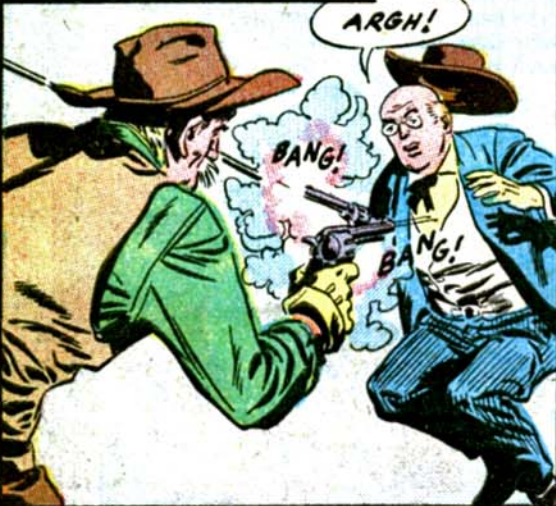


IN A LIGHTNING GUN-DUEL--

ARGH!

BANG!

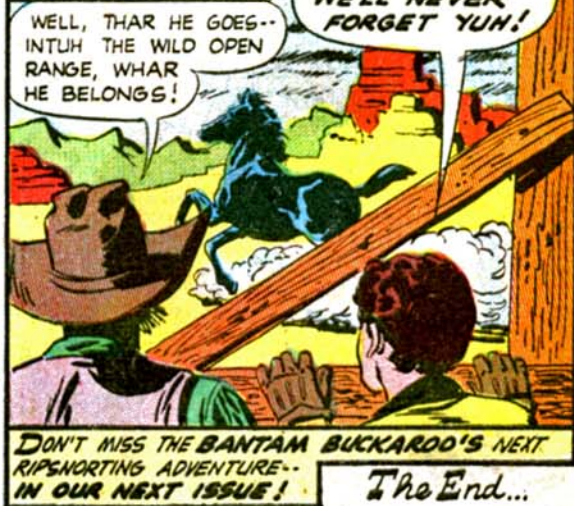
BANG!



THAT AFTERNOON--

WELL, THAR HE GOES--INTUH THE WILD OPEN RANGE, WHAR HE BELONGS!

SO LONG, KILLER! WE'LL NEVER FORGET YUH!



DON'T MISS THE BANTAM BUCKAROO'S NEXT RIPSORTING ADVENTURE-- IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

The End...



**PHIL RIZZUTO**  
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE

**WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS YOU!**



**IRON**

CUTAWAY VIEW OF  
WHEAT KERNEL

**THERE'S A  
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT  
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!**

See that wheat kernel bursting with dynamic power? There's one of those in every WHEATIES flake—already to spark you every day.

**ENERGY**

**VITAMINS**



**BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS**

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Cinderella  
Mickey Mouse  
Pinocchio  
Brer Rabbit  
Lucifer  
Dumbo  
Bambi  
Donald Duck

**MASKS**

**RIGHT ON  
WHEATIES BOXES**

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# THE WRONG STEERS

CLEM SAUNDERS SAT his horse in front of the Indian Agent's office and pointed proudly to the 500 head of fat, prime Texas steers he and his cowhands had just driven up to the Reservation. "Thar they be," Clem called out to Lon Purkiss, the Indian Agent. "Ain't they *beauts*? Each o' them steers is, well over the weight the Army contract called for---I reckon them Injuns will shore have themselves a feast on muh Bar S longhorns!"

Purkiss' small, cold eyes traveled greedily over the herd of cattle, taking in every detail of the Bar S brand on each steer. And while he was thinking how easy it would be to duplicate that brand, he said to Clem, "Okay, I'll give yuh yore receipt---an' then muh men'll drive the steers tuh the Reservation pens. It's almost dusk---too late tuh turn 'em over tuh the redskins to-night---we'll do it in the mornin'."

After Clem got the receipt, he said to the Agent, "How about muh money? I shore kin use that dough---the bank's about tuh foreclose on muh ranch, an' this herd'll bring in jest enough tuh keep the Bar S spread whar it belongs---in *muh* hands!"

"Yuh'll have tuh see Colonel Gardner in the mornin' about yore money," Purkiss said gruffly. "He's in charge o' this Federal Reservation---an' he pays out on all Army steer contracts. So if yuh'll jest run along now an' let me run this herd intuh the pens---"

Clem rode away dispiritedly. The money meant so much to him, he'd been aching to get his hands on it as soon as possible. But one more day couldn't matter much, he told himself, as he began riding towards town and a bunk for the night.

Next morning, Clem rode up to the Army headquarters on the Indian reservation and entered Colonel Gardner's office. "Colonel," he began, "I'm Clem Saunders of the Bar S ranch, an' I---"

"So you're the man who tried to peddle off undersized and underweight steers on me, eh?" the Colonel said grimly, grabbing the bewildered Clem's arm. "Come with me!"

Minutes later, the Colonel was pointing into the Reservation pen at the measliest lot of scrawny, undersized steers Clem had ever seen. "None of those steers meets the Army contract specifications about weight," the Colonel said. "You're not getting a plugged nickel for that herd!"

"But---but that's *not* the herd I brought in last night," Clem protested. "Wait---those---those steers all have the Bar S brand on 'em!"

"Shore they do," came a mocking voice from the Indian Agent's office. "Them's the steers yuh brought in last night!"

Clem whirled, and angrily eyed the burly, grinning Purkiss. "Now I'm beginnin' tuh understand," Clem rasped out. "Yuh bought these scrawny steers fer a song, forged muh brand on 'em---while yore men drove muh fat herd tuh a hideout, whar yuh'll change the brand afore sellin' 'em fer a fancy price! Wal, it's not gonna work---'cause even though yuh outweigh me by forty pounds, I'm gonna whip yuh till yuh confess!"

"Why, yuh puny half-pint," roared Purkiss, reaching for his gun. "I'll---OWWWW!"

"That'll teach yuh I kin shoot," Clem said, holstering his smoking gun. "An' now I'll show yuh I kin *hit*!"

Twenty minutes later, after the bleeding, battered, gasping Lon Purkiss had confessed, the grinning Colonel said to Clem, "Thar's not the first time that polecat pulled that stunt---but you're the first man who's been *man* enough to make him 'fess up! And now that I've got proof against him, I'll see that he loses some weight---on a rockpile in a *federal pen*! But now, come on in to the office, son---I've got your check waiting!"



# WINNERS of the WEST

**JAMES BUTLER HICKOK--THE FAMED WILD BILL--WAS BY FAR THE GREATEST DUELIST OF THE OLD WEST! HIS SMOKING SIXGUNS BLASTED MORE THAN A HUNDRED MEN TO THEIR DOOM--BESIDES ALL THE INDIANS HE SENT TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS! BUT NEVER DID WILD BILL FACE MORE DANGEROUS ODDS THAN IN HIS FABULOUS BATTLE TO THE DEATH WITH THE MCCANLES GANG!**



**IT ALL STARTED IN NEBRASKA THE DAY WILD BILL LEFT HIS CAVALRY DETACHMENT TO VISIT MRS. WELLMAN, AN OLD FAMILY FRIEND! BUT AT HER CABIN...**

**MR. HICKOK--YOU MUSTN'T COME HERE! YOU'VE GOT TO FLEE--FOR YOUR LIFE!**

**WHY, WHAT'S WRONG, MRS. WELLMAN?**



**MCCANLES AND HIS GANG OF CUTTHROATS WERE HERE LOOKING FOR YOU---THEY HEARD YOU VISIT ME, AND THEY SAID THEY'D BE BACK TO CUT YOUR HEART OUT! YOU'VE GOT TO GET AWAY BEFORE THEY RETURN!**

**MCCANLES, EH? I REMEMBER HIM--HAD SOME TROUBLE WITH HIM IN THE MOUNTAINS---AN' I RECKON HE DIDN'T FORGET ME!**



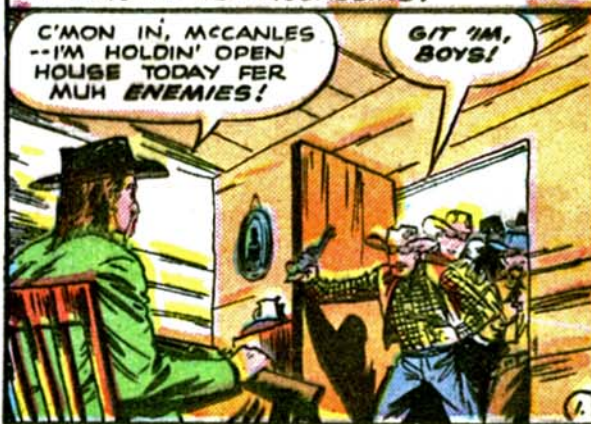
**I RECKON I'LL JEST SET IN YORE CABIN AN' WAIT FER HIM, MRS. WELLMAN! YUH KIN GO STAY AT A NEIGHBOR'S PLACE!**



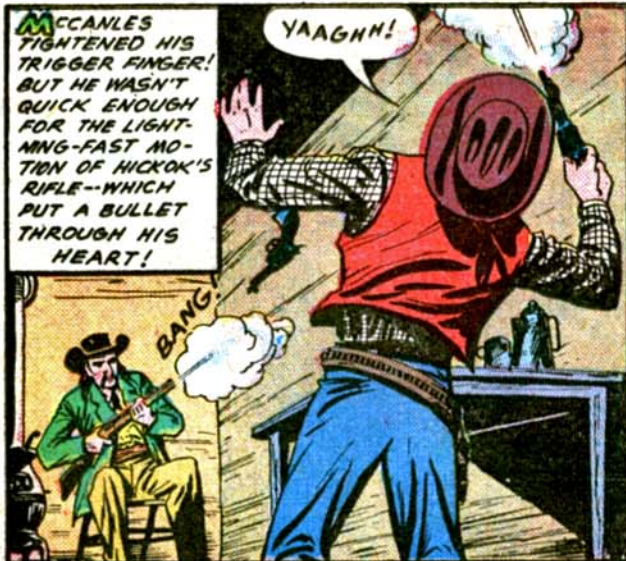
**WILD BILL DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT! THE CLATTER OF HOOFES SUDDENLY SOUNDED OUTSIDE, THE DOOR BURST OPEN---AND THERE STOOD MCCANLES, AT THE HEAD OF A GANG OF TEN ASSASSINS!**

**C'MON IN, MCCANLES--I'M HOLDIN' OPEN HOUSE TODAY FER MUH ENEMIES!**

**GIT 'IM, BOYS!**







**AS** HICKOK HIMSELF WAS QUOTED IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE OF 1867, "I NEVER AIMED MORE DELIBERATELY IN MY LIFE! ONE--TWO--THREE--FOUR! ---AND FOUR MEN FELL DEAD!"



**B**UT THAT DIDN'T STOP THE REST! TWO OF THEM BROUGHT THEIR HEAVY SHOTGUNS INTO PLAY--AT ALMOST POINT-BLANK RANGE!



**B**UT WILD BILL HICKOK WAS NO ORDINARY MAN--AND WHAT WOULD HAVE KILLED MOST MEN MERELY STUNNED HIM! THROUGH A HAZE OF SMOKE AND A FILM OF PAIN, HICKOK LOOKED UP--JUST IN TIME!



**H**ICKOK ROSE FAST FROM THE FLOOR--AND HIS FIST ROSE WITH HIM!



**T**HEN, WHIRLING AROUND LIKE A WILD ANIMAL AT BAY--





FEELING THAT IT WASN'T SAFE TO TACKLE THE WILD BULL OF THE PLAINS SINGLE-HANDEDLY, THE REMAINING GUNMEN MADE A CONCERTED RUSH--AND HICKOK WAS SWAMPED UNDER!

WE GOT 'IM NOW--PIN 'IM TUH THE BED WHILE I FINISH 'IM!



BUT HICKOK WASN'T BEATEN YET--AS LONG AS HE COULD GET HIS TWO STRONG HANDS INTO PLAY!

YOWWW! MUH ARM--IT'S BROKEN!



THE WILD STRENGTH OF WILD BILL HURLED THE TWO REMAINING MEN OFF HIM--BUT BEFORE HE COULD GET OFF THE BED...

THAT'S IT--NOW LET ME CARVE 'IM UP!



HE...HE'S LIKE A MADMAN--YUH CAN'T KEEP 'IM DOWN! NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL 'IM WILD BILL!

HICKOK---NO---NO!



AND WHEN THE BATTLE WAS OVER--

I... GOT 'EM ALL!



"ALL OF A SUDDEN," HICKOK RELATED LATER, "IT SEEMED AS IF MY HEART WAS ON FIRE... I WAS BLEEDING EVERYWHERE!" AND WELL HE MIGHT BE--FOR WILD BILL HICKOK HAD ELEVEN BUCKSHOT AND THIRTEEN KNIFE WOUNDS IN HIM!



AND SO ENDED THE GREATEST CLOSE-RANGE FIGHT OF ONE MAN AGAINST ODDS IN THE HISTORY OF THE ENTIRE WEST! WILD BILL HICKOK'S MAGNIFICENT STRENGTH AND VITALITY PULLED HIM THROUGH--AND HE WENT ON TO FIGHT AS A SHARPSHOOTER AND SCOUT IN THE UNION ARMY--AND TO TAKE ON THE TOUGHEST JOB IN THE WEST--MARSHAL OF ABILENE!



The End.



# HINTS about HORSES

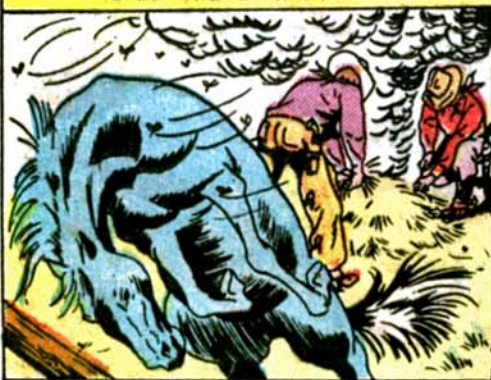
SO YUH'RE HAVIN' TROUBLE TAMIN' A WILD BRONG, EH? WELL, JEST BEND AN EAR AND TAKE SOME TIPS FROM AN OLD-TIMER WHO'S GENTLED THE WILDEST, MOST ORNERY BRONCS THE WEST EVER BRED! THE SECRET OF IT ALL IS IN GENTLIN' THE HOSS -- 'CAUSE IF YUH ABUSE HIM AN' TRY TO BREAK HIS SPIRIT BY FORCE, YUH'RE LIABE TO WIND UP WITH AN OUTLAW KILLER WHO'LL NEVER BE TAMED!



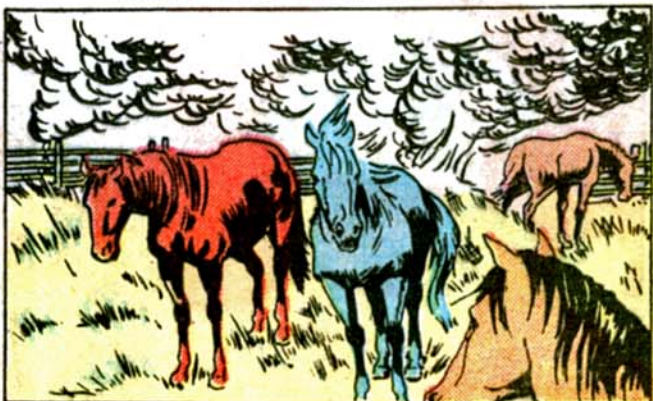
"FUST THING TUH DO AFTER YUH'VE CAUGHT YORE WILD BRONG IS TUH LEAD HIM INTUH A LARGE FENCED-IN PASTURE -- BUT DON'T TRY TO DRAG HIM OR YUH'LL MAKE HIM EVEN MORE ORNERY! IF YUH'RE HAVIN' ANY TROUBLE, JEST HAVE A FEW TAMED BRONCS AROUND TUH ACT AS DECOYS OR LEADERS -- AND YUH'LL FIND THE WILD BRONG MUCH EASIER TUH HANDLE!"



"IF YUH'RE A WESTERNER, I DON'T HAVE TUH TELL YUH ABOUT THE SUMMER MOSQUITOES THAT COME IN SWARMS AN' JEST ABOUT DRIVE MEN AN' HOSSSES LOCO -- SO YORE NEXT STEP IN GENTLIN' YORE WILD HOSS IS TUH LIGHT UP SMOKE SMUDGES FROM BIG PILES OF WET HAY NEAR THE BRONG!"



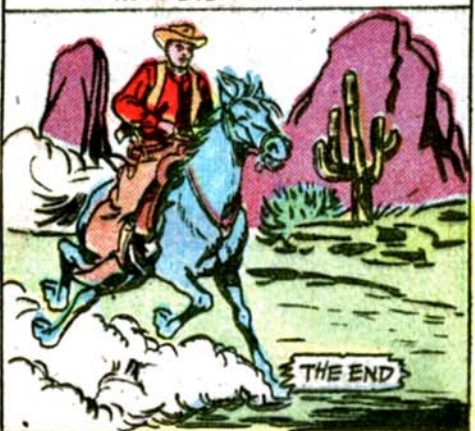
"YORE TAME DECOY HOSSSES WILL KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT THE SMUDGE GIVES 'EM RELIEF FROM THOSE PESKY 'SKEETERS, AN' THEY'LL COME RUNNIN' FER THE SMUDGE! THE WILD BRONG WILL BE RIGHT BEHIND 'EM -- AN' YUH'LL SOON FIND HIM STANDIN' RIGHT PEACEFUL-LIKE IN THE DENSE SMOKE, ENDURIN' IT FER THE SAKE O' RELIEF FROM THE BITES!"



"NOW'S YORE TIME TUH GO OUT AN' MINGLE WITH THE OTHER HOSSSES, ADDIN' MORE FUEL TUH THE SMUDGES, TALKIN' LOW AN' GENTLE TUH THE WILD BRONG -- AND EVEN THE WILDEST WILL SOON SAVVY THAT YUH BUILT THE SMUDGES AN' DIDN'T AIM TUH HARM HIM! PURTY SOON THE CRITTER THAT WOULDN'T EVEN LET YUH GIT WITHIN ROPIN' - DISTANCE WILL BE LETTIN' YUH PAT 'IM!"

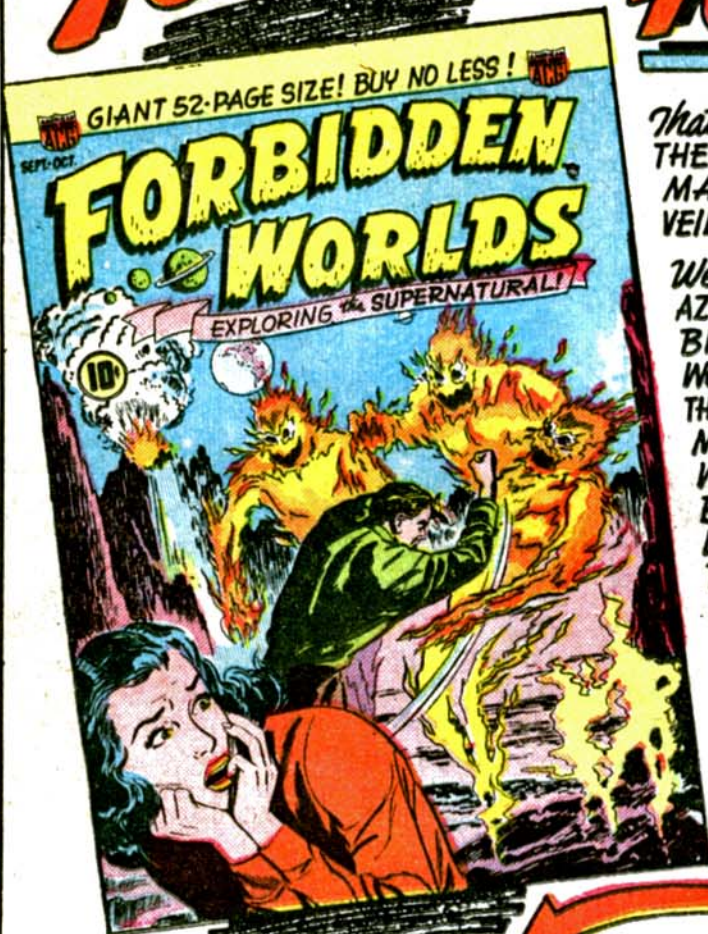


"FROM THEN ON, IT'S ALL EASY -- FER ONCE YUH'VE GAINED THE WILD BRONG'S CONFIDENCE, HE'LL ALLUS THINK OF YUH AS A FRIEND -- AN' HE'LL MAKE THE BEST, MOST LOYAL HOSS A MAN EVER HAD!"





# Forbidden...yet YOURS!



That's "FORBIDDEN WORLDS"...  
THE THRILLING NEW COMICS  
MAGAZINE THAT LIFTS THE  
VEIL OF FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE!

We DARE YOU TO READ THIS MAG-  
AZINE...TO VENTURE INTO FOR-  
BIDDEN WORLDS...UNKNOWN  
WORLDS! READ IT...AND WATCH  
THE SUPERNATURAL COME ALIVE!  
MEET GHOSTS, ZOMBIES, WERE-  
WOLVES, VAMPIRES...CHILL TO  
BLACK MAGIC FROM BEYOND  
LIFE ITSELF...GASP AT STRANGER  
THINGS THAN EVER THE MIND  
OF MAN CONCEIVED!

It's ALL HERE FOR YOU IN  
THE ONE MAGAZINE THAT  
DARES TO BE DIFFERENT  
...THAT DARES TO TELL  
ALL! FOR THE THRILL-TIME  
OF A LIFETIME, READ

## FORBIDDEN WORLDS

EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!

**10¢**  
on all  
STANDS

The great new companion to **ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!**



# AMBUSH

PVT. TIM WATSON rode up the gully whistling loudly, as if he actually enjoyed the chore of gathering firewood for his troop in the ravine behind him---and also as if this weren't the heart of dangerous Apache country.

Still whistling with unconcern, Tim nonchalantly halted in front of a fallen dead tree and dismounted, hatchet in hand. Then, just as he had begun to chop away at some of the smaller dead branches, the woods suddenly echoed to wild war-whoops, and Apaches emerged from behind almost every tree and boulder.

Tim's air of nonchalance vanished immediately, and an expression of terror took its place. Desperately hurling his hatchet at the nearest of the savages, he leaped into his saddle and dug his spurs hard into his horse's flanks. Looking back, he saw that his hatchet had found its mark, and that the Indians were turning in rage from the body of their fallen comrade, bounding onto swift ponies which other Apaches were quickly bringing up.

"It's a real ambush, all right," Tim thought. "They even had their hosses ready in case of an escape from their trap. But I'll shore give 'em a run fer

their wampum!"

Enraged at the escape of their intended victim and at the death of one of their braves, the Apaches galloped furiously after Tim---who promptly fanned their fury by turning in his saddle and dropping the two nearest Indians with two shots from his service Colt. But slowly, the Indians narrowed the gap between them and their quarry, and Tim knew that they were so intent on having his scalp that they probably didn't even notice the rifle barrels poking out from behind the boulders and trees in the ravine they were now approaching.

Then, just as the leading braves raised their war lances and prepared to hurl them into Tim's back, a crackling volley of shots rang out---and dozens of Apaches dropped in their tracks! The remaining redskins turned in panic and tried to flee, but the withering fire from the concealed troopers cut them down relentlessly!

When the carnage was over, the Captain in charge of the Federal troop came over and shook Pvt. Tim Watson's hand. "That red hair of yours sure lured those Apaches into our ambush! Good work---Sergeant Watson!"

## STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sanger, 7 West 81 St., New York, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1951.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York.  
(My commission expires March 30, 1951)



# UNSUNG

# HEROES of the WEST

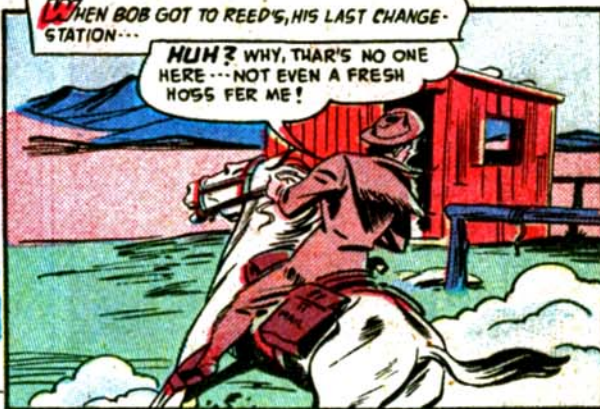
PONY BOB HASLAM

ONE OF THE GREATEST EXPLOITS IN ALL THE ANNALS OF THE WILD WEST WAS PERFORMED IN MAY, 1860, BY 20-YEAR-OLD **PONY BOB HASLAM**... THE PONY EXPRESS SERVICE'S DRACK RIDER! BECAUSE OF HIS TOUGHNESS, PONY BOB WAS GIVEN THE TOUGHEST RUN, FROM THE RUGGED HEIGHTS OF THE SIERRA NEVADAS TO THE PARCHED DESERTS OF DEATH VALLEY... BUT WHEN BOB STARTED HIS RIDE THAT MAY DAY, HE HAD NO IDEA **NOW** TOUGH IT WAS GOING TO BE!



WHEN BOB GOT TO REED'S, HIS LAST CHANGE-STATION...

HUH? WHY, THAR'S NO ONE HERE...NOT EVEN A FRESH HOGS FER ME!



NOT KNOWING THAT THE STATION-MASTER HAD FLED WITH ALL THE HORSES BECAUSE THE PIUTES HAD GONE ON THE WARPATH IN THE VICINITY, PONY BOB CONTINUED ACROSS THE SALT-WHITE DESERT TO THE END OF HIS RUN, BUCKLANDS!



BUT AT BUCKLANDS, PONY BOB LEARNED THAT HIS RELIEF WAS JOHN HUDSON...THE ONLY COWARD IN THE HISTORY OF THE PONY EXPRESS SERVICE!

NO, I...I AIN'T MAKIN' THE RUN TUH SMITH'S CREEK...I HEARD THE PIUTES IS SWARMIN' ALL OVER THE PLACE!

YUH YALLER-LIVERED POLECAT! I'LL TAKE THE MAIL ON...BECAUSE THE MAIL'S GOT TUH GO THROUGH!



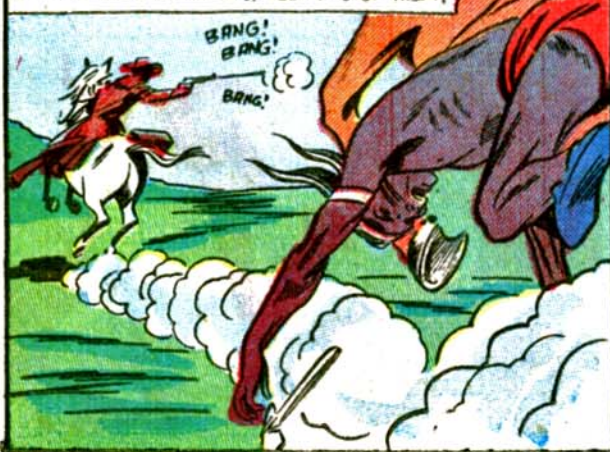
BUT BEFORE BOB HAD GONE A FEW MILES...

OH, OH...THEY'RE SHORE RAISIN' THE DUST AFTER ME... BUT I'LL SOON MAKE 'EM EAT IT!

KUH-YIHU!



ALL THE WAY TO SMITH'S CREEK, BOB HAD TO FIGHT OFF THE PURSUING INDIANS, KILLING 19 OF THEM!



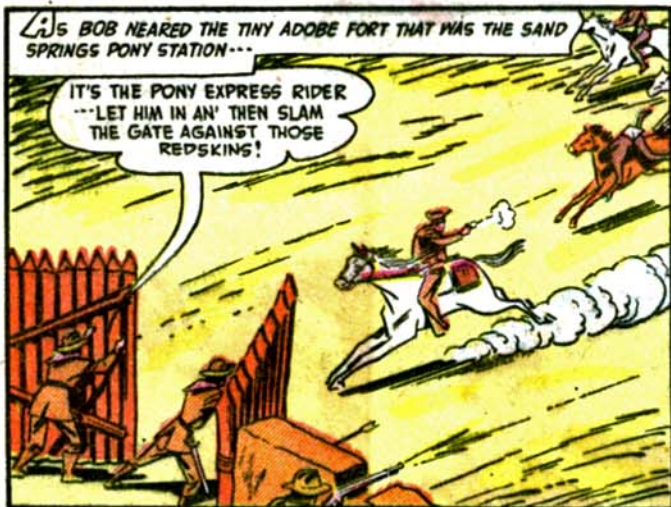
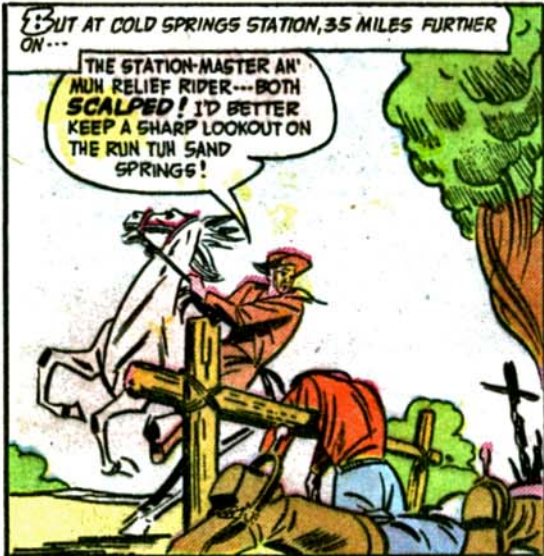
BY THE TIME PONY BOB GOT TO SMITH'S CREEK, HE HAD RIDDEN 185 MILES IN 16 HOURS, USING NINE DIFFERENT HORSES... BUT HE WASN'T THROUGH YET!

THE WEST-BOUND RIDER WAS KILLED BY PIUTES, BOB...AN THAR'S NO ONE BUT YUH TUH CARRY THE MAIL! YUH'VE GOT TUH GO BACK TUH BUCKLANDS WITH THIS POUCH!

LET'S HAVE IT. ...I'M ON MUH WAY!









# The HOODED HORSEMAN

**F**EW BADMEN PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO THE QUIET-MANNERED WRANGLER WHO ROAMED THE RANGE WITH HIS DOG-- AND FEWER STILL ASSOCIATED HIM WITH THE BLACK-GARBED FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE KNOWN AS **THE HOODED HORSEMAN!** BUT BUD FRASER HAD VOWED TO STAMP OUT OUTLAWRY WHEN HIS FATHER, A COW TOWN SHERIFF, WAS TREACHEROUSLY KILLED-- AND IT'S A PLEDGE THAT'S REDEEMED WITH SMASHING FISTS AND DEADLY SIX-GUNS-- AND A DOG NAMED FLASH!



ONE NIGHT-- ON THE TRAIL OUTSIDE MESQUITE CITY--

THAR'S A PASSEL O' LARGE RANCHES ON THE FLAT GRAZIN' LAND OUTSIDE O' TOWN, FLASH-- SO IT SHOULD BE A PURTY GOOD PLACE TUH LOOK FER A JOB!



A MOMENT LATER--

WE WARNED YUH ONCE TUH GRAZE THEM CRITTERS SOMEWHAR ELSE, YUH OL' COOT -- AN' THIS'LL SHOW YUH WE WEREN'T FOOLIN'!

JUMPIN' BLUE BLAZES--WATCH OUT!





AS THE GANG LEADER SPURS FORWARD--



STICK AROUND, YUH VARMINTS -- THIS RUCKUS ISN'T OVER YET!

VAMOOSE! NOW THAT WE'VE CRIMPED THINGS-- LET'S GIT MOVIN' WHILE WE HAVE A CHANCE!



ROUSED TO A FIGHTING PITCH-- FLASH STARTS TO PURSUE--

FLASH-- GIT BACK HERE! THIS RUGGED COUNTRY GIVES THEM SIDEWINDERS PLENTY O' COVER -- AN' TRAILIN' 'EM WOULD JEST MEAN GITTIN' YOURSELF PLUGGED!

LOOKS LIKE THE CATTLEMEN IN THESE PARTS HAVEN'T GOT MUCH USE FER SHEER OL' TIMER!

THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THIS HERE RUCKUS, SON! ASK ANYONE IN MESQUITE CITY WHETHER RAWHIDE RILEY'S EVER HAD A DUST-UP WITH STOCKMEN BEFORE-- AN' YOU'LL SEE WHY I'M PLUMB PUZZLED ABOUT WHY THEM BUZZARDS WOULD COME GUNNIN' FER ME!

THIS PIECE O' CLOTH FLASH RIPPED FROM HIS SLEEVE IS ONE WAY TUH IDENTIFY THE VARMINT WHO LED 'EM! IT MAY TAKE TIME-- BUT NOW THAT FLASH HAS SOMETHING TUH KEEP HIS SCENT IN MIND-- HE'LL BE ABLE TUH PICK HIM OUT FROM AMONG A THOUSAND WADDIES!



WE'LL BE ON THE LOOKOUT-- BUT MEANWHILE-- I CAME TUH THESE PARTS HUNTIN' WORK AS A WRANGLER! I'D BE PLUMB OBLIGED FER ANY KIND O' LEAD, RAWHIDE!

RECKON THE RANCHERS HAVE JEST ABOUT AS MANY WADDIES AS THEY KIN CARRY! BUT I'VE HEARD THAT THE MININ' COMPANY NEEDS AN HOMBRE TUH DRIVE THEIR BIG SUPPLY WAGON FROM TOWN OUT TUH THE MINE!

THANKS, PARDNER-- I'LL MOSEY AROUND! AN' IF I WAS YUH-- I WOULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON GITTIN' JUMPED BY THOSE POLECATS AS'IN!

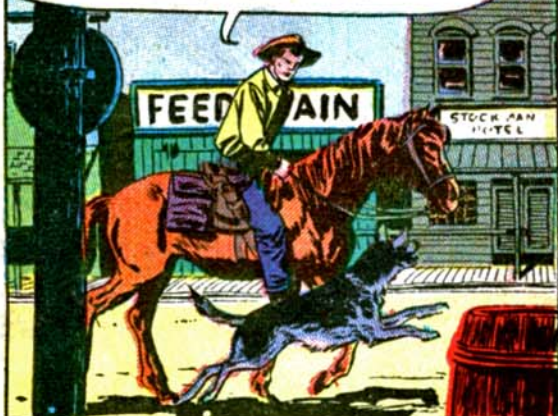
YUH NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, SON! I AIM TUH MOVE MUH FLOCK TUH ANOTHER GRAZIN' SECTION-- WHAR THEY WON'T BE ABLE TUH FIND ME!



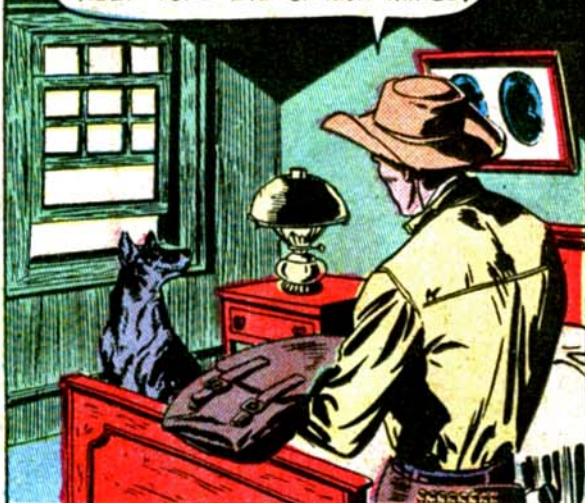


A HALF-HOUR LATER--

RECKON I'LL GIT A ROOM AT THE HOTEL, AN' HAVE FLASH WATCH MUH GEAR-- BEFORE I PALAVER WITH THE SHERIFF ABOUT THE ATTACK ON RAWHIDE RILEY!



I'LL BE BACK IN A MITE, FLASH! KEEP YORE EYE ON MUH THINGS!



SOON AFTERWARD-- AT THE HOOSEGOW...

THE GALOOT'S WHO TANGLED WITH RAWHIDE RILEY ARE UP TUH **SOMETHIN'** SHERIFF! YUH SHORE THAR'S BEEN NO RUSTLIN' GOIN' ON?

WE HAVEN'T LOST A SINGLE COW, AMIGO! THE CATTLEMEN AIN'T RISKIN' THE PUREBRED STOCK WE GOT IN **THESE** PARTS-- THEY'RE WATCHIN' THE HERDS DAY AN' NIGHT! NOPE-- I DON'T RECKON **THAT'D** EXPLAIN IT-- AN' BLAMED IF I KIN FIGGER OUT ANY **OTHER** REASON!



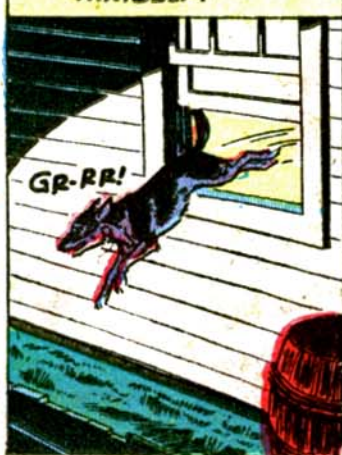
THAT LEAVES ME **NOWHAR!** THAR ISN'T MUCH CHANCE I'LL RUN INTUH THE GANG-- BUT IT WON'T HURT NONE TUH SIZE UP THE TOWN BEFORE I SASHAY BACK TUH THE HOTEL!



MEANWHILE-- AT THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN-- FLASH GROWLS RESTLESSLY AS A HATED SCENT TINGLES LIKE A WARNING! HE SNIFFS AT BUD'S SADDLEBAG-- BUT NO-- IT ISN'T THE PIECE OF CLOTH!



IT'S SOMETHING FURTHER AWAY BUT MUCH MORE VIVID-- **IT'S THE MAN HIMSELF!**



MOMENTS LATER--

THIS'LL BE EASY! A COUPLE O' LICKS WILL BUST THE LOCK-- AN' WE'LL GIT ALL THE DYNAMITE WE NEED!





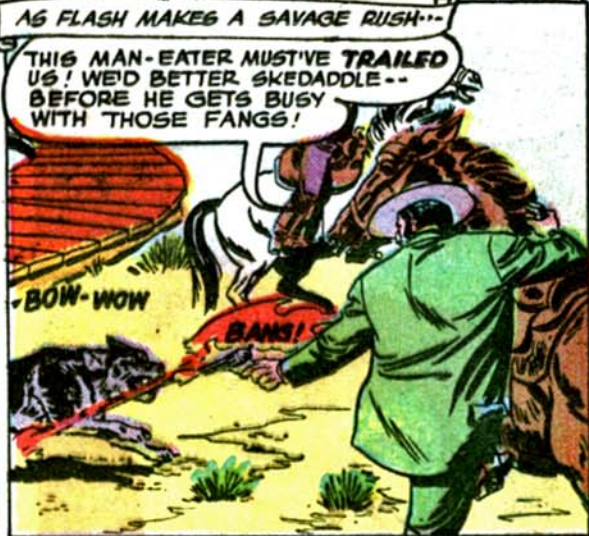
**SUDDENLY--**

LONGHORN, LOOK! IT'S THE DOG  
WE TANGLED WITH WHEN WE TRIED  
TUH PLUG RAWHIDE!



**AS FLASH MAKES A SAVAGE RUSH--**

THIS MAN-EATER MUST'VE **TRAILED**  
US! WE'D BETTER **SKEDADDLE--**  
BEFORE HE GETS BUGY  
WITH THOSE FANGS!



YUH'RE LUCKY WE CAN'T FIRE AG'IN.  
YUH WHELP-- IT'D ROUSE UP  
THE WHOLE TOWN!



**AS THE  
OUTLAW RIDES  
OFF--**

I FIGGERED THAT KICK WOULD  
SLOW YUH DOWN, MUTT! YUH  
DIDN'T GIT ANYTHIN' **THIS**  
TIME BUT A PIECE O' MUH  
SADDLE PAD!



THAT DOG  
REMEMBERS  
US, LONGHORN--  
AN' THAT  
KIN MEAN  
**TROUBLE!**  
BUT HOW KIN  
WE PLUG THE  
CRITTER--  
WITHOUT TANGLIN'  
WITH THE FAST-  
SHOOTIN'  
GALOOT WHO  
OWNS HIM?

THAR'S ANOTHER  
WAY TUH FIX A BIG  
DOG THAT'S ALLOWED  
TUH ROAM AROUND  
AT NIGHT LIKE  
THIS'N! NO ONE  
SAVVIES I'M BOSS  
O' THIS GANG--  
AN' THAT'LL GIVE  
ME A CHANCE  
TUH GIT RID O'  
THAT MUTT  
THE **SMART**  
WAY!

**SOON AFTERWARD--**

FLASH-- WHAR YUH BEEN? I  
TOLD YUH TUH HOLE DOWN HERE  
AN' WATCH THINGS-- AN' **THIS**  
IS JEST ABOUT THE FIRST  
TIME YUH'VE EVER DIS-  
OBEYED ME

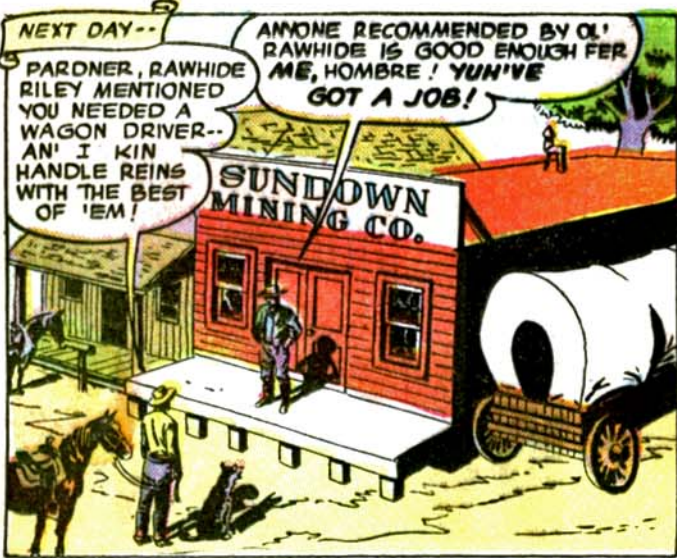


**STUNG BY BUD'S REBUKE--  
FLASH DOES HIS BEST  
TO EXPLAIN--**

A PIECE O' WOOL, EH!  
YUH'RE SHORE AS SHOOTIN'  
TRYIN' TUH TELL ME SOME-  
THIN', FLASH-- BUT I **STILL**  
THINK YUH SHOULDO'VE  
STAYED HERE,  
SAVVY?







NEXT DAY--

PARDNER, RAWHIDE RILEY MENTIONED YOU NEEDED A WAGON DRIVER-- AN' I KIN HANDLE REINS WITH THE BEST OF 'EM!

ANYONE RECOMMENDED BY OL' RAWHIDE IS GOOD ENOUGH FER ME, HOMBRE! YUH'VE GOT A JOB!

SUNDOWN MINING CO.



SUDDENLY--

GR-R-R!



YEP-- I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHAR! THAT'S THE DOG, SHERIFF!

FLASH-- SIMMER DOWN!

GR-R-R!



SORRY, STRANGER-- BUT FLASH DOESN'T GENERALLY SHOW UGLY WITHOUT REASON!

HE'S GOT PLENTY O' REASON! I CAUGHT THAT NO-GOOD MUTT KILLIN' SHEEP OUT AT BOBTAIL CREEK LAST NIGHT-- AN' DROVE 'IM OFF WITH MUH QUIRT!



KILLIN' SHEEP!

THAR'S NO USE GITTIN' YORESELF RILED, SON! IT'S PLUM POSSIBLE TUH MISTAKE ONE DOG FER ANOTHER-- AN' IF YUH KIN PROVE YORE PUP WAS WITH YUH LAST NIGHT-- THAT'LL END IT!



SHERIFF, I KIN HARDLY BELIEVE IT-- BUT THAR'S NO USE PRETENDIN'! FLASH TOTED A PIECE O' WOOL BACK TUH THE HOTEL LAST NIGHT--

SO I RECKON YUH'VE GOT THE RIGHT DOG!

THAR'S ONLY ONE WAY TUH CURE A SHEEP-KILLER-- LET'S GIT IT OVER WITH!



A SPLIT SECOND AFTER LONGHORN'S HAMMER CLICKS BACK--

BANG!





FLASH, IT'S A TOUGH THING TUH EXPLAIN-- AN' I DON'T SAVVY HOW I'M GONNA DO IT! DON'T THINK I'M TURNIN' AGAINST YUH, PUP-- DON'T THINK I'LL EVER FORGIT ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER-- THE RUGGED TIMES WHEN YUH WERE ALL I HAD TUH COUNT ON! BUT YUH'VE DONE JEST ABOUT THE WORST THING A DOG KIN DO, FLASH-- AN' THAT MEANS ADIOS-- BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT TUH PAY THE PRICE!

I'M SHORE SORRY ABOUT THIS, BUD-- BUT YUH NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT MUH **SHOOTIN'** HIM! I'VE GOT SOME CHLOROFORM OUT AT MUH RANCH, AN' I'LL TAKE FLASH WITH ME WHEN I RIDE HOME AT NOON-- AN' PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY EASY-LIKE!

THANKS, SHERIFF, I'LL FEEL A HEAP BETTER ABOUT IT THAT WAY!

A MOMENT LATER--

COME ON, BOY-- LET'S GIT!

NOPE-- I'M NOT COMIN' WITH YUH **THIS** TIME, FLASH! BUT WE'LL BE MEETIN' AGAIN **SOMEWHAR** WHEN I'VE PLAYED MUH LAST CHIP-- AN' UNTIL THEN-- SO LONG-- **PARDNER...**



IF YUH STILL HANKER FER THAT JOB, HOMBRE-- THE WAGON'S LOADED! MEBBE A DRIVE OUT ON THE RANGE WOULD HELP GIT YORE MIND OFF'N THINGS!

RECKON YUH'RE RIGHT, AMIGO! I'M READY TUH LEAVE!



BUT I'M NOT LEAVIN' YUH, BRONC! NOPE-- I'VE GOTTA HAVE ONE OF MUH BUDDIES WITH ME ON THE TRAIL!





MINUTES LATER--

IT WON'T HELP NONE TUH KEEP BROODIN' ABOUT FLASH-- BUT THE MORE I THINK OF IT--THE MORE I KEEP WONDERIN' ABOUT **LONGHORN LONERGAN!** SOMETHIN' TELLS ME I OUGHTA SLIP OUT TO HIS RANCH FER A LOOK-SEE-- **AS THE HOODED HORSEMAN!**



YEP-- HERE'S MUH CHANCE TUH LOOK AROUND FER AN HOUR OR SO! I'LL TETHER THE TEAM IN THAT GULLY YONDER-- WHAR THAR'LL BE NO CHANCE O' ANYONE FINDIN' THE WAGON!



A MOMENT LATER--

THAR'S THE WAGON, LONGHORN! THE DRIVER'S PROBABLY INSIDE-- GRABBIN' HIMSELF A LITTLE SHUT-EYE!

YEP-- AN' THAR'S **SHORE** TUH BE **DYNAMITE** AMONG THEM MINE SUPPLIES!



THEN--

LOOKS LIKE I'M SAVIN' MUHSELF A RIDE!

CRIMPIN' COYOTES, LONGHORN-- THAT'S THE **HOODED HORSEMAN!**



SOONER OR LATER-- VARMINTS LIKE YUH L'ARN TUH EXPECT ME!



SUDDENLY-- LONGHORN RIDES UP AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WAGON--

IT'S **YORE** TOUGH LUCK YUH DIDN'T EXPECT **ME**, HOMBRE!



A MOMENT LATER--

I HAD AN IDEA YOU BUSHWACKERS WERE UP TUH SOMETHIN'-- AFTER BUD FRASER TOLD ME YUH TRIED TUH PLUG RAWHIDE RILEY!

AN' YUH FIGGERED YUH'D LURE US OUT BY DRIVIN' THE SUPPLY WAGON, EH? SHORE, WE TRIED TUH GIT RID O' RAWHIDE-- BECAUSE HE'S MADE A PRACTICE O' DRIVIN' HIS SHEEP ACROSS MUSTANG LAKE DAM-- AN' I DON'T AIM TUH HAVE WITNESSES WHEN WE **DYNAMITE** IT!





YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO! WHAT IN BLAZES WILL **THAT** GET YUH?

**CATTLE!** THE HERDS ARE TOO WELL GUARDED FER **RUSTLIN'**... SO I AIM TUH **FLOOD** THOUSANDS OF ACRES O' GRAZIN' LAND! WITH THE STEERS FACIN' STARVATION, I KIN BUY 'EM UP FER A **TENTH** O' WHAT THEY'RE WORTH-- AN' GRAZE 'EM ON MUH OWN SECTION O' HIGH GROUND! IT'S JEST ABOUT AS GOOD AS **RUSTLIN'**-- WITH NONE O' THE RISKS!



THAR'LL BE EVEN **FEWER** RISKS ONCE WE'VE GOT YUH OUT OF THE WAY! UNHARNESS THE TEAM, BEARCAT-- AN' GIT THIS HOMBRE TIED TUH THE BACK O' THE WAGON!

MOSEY OVER HERE, HORSEMAN-- AN' DON'T TRY NOTHIN' FANCY-- UNLESS YUH LIKE THE TASTE O' LEAD!



A MOMENT LATER--

ALL TOGETHER--

IT'S JEST ABOUT READY TUH ROLL!

JUMPIN' JIMSON-- I'M GOIN' TUH NEED A CAST IRON HIDE TUH GIT OUT O' THIS FIX ALIVE!



THEN--

HA! HA! HE'LL KEEP GOIN' UNTIL HE REACHES THE PAYOFF PLUNGE-- A 500 FOOT DROP INTUH MUSTANG LAKE!



A QUARTER OF A MILE BELOW--

NOTHIN' KIN SLOW THE WAGON DOWN NOW-- AN' THAR'S THE CLIFF! WAL, I TOLD FLASH I'D SEE HIM AG'IN WHEN I'D PLAYED MUH LAST CHIP-- AN' I RECKON IT'S ON THE TABLE!



WITH UNCHECKED SPEED--

HERE GOES!



HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW--

SAVED-- BY A LEDGE!





THAT BRONC'S A REAL PARD--  
BUT THAR'S NO WAY HE KIN  
HELP ME NOW! THE SLIPPERY  
ROCK RISES ALMOST SHEER  
BOTH ABOVE AN' BELOW ME--  
**I'M TRAPPED!**



NOPE-- THAR'S NO WAY DOWN!  
AN' AFTER BEIN' CALLED AN  
ORNERY BUZZARD DOZENS O'  
TIMES-- I'D GIVE MUH RIGHT  
ARM JEST NOW TUH BE ONE!



JUMPIN' JIMSON-- THAT  
GIVES ME AN IDEE! THAT  
BUZZARD ISN'T FLYIN'--  
IT'S **SOARIN'**-- AN'  
THAT'S JEST WHAT I  
KIN DO WITH THIS  
HERE CANVAS HOOD!



A SUDDEN GUST O' WIND KIN RIP THE  
FRAME FROM MUH GRASP AN' SEND ME  
CRASHIN' TUH THE ROCKS-- **BUT I'VE  
GOT TUH TAKE A CHANCE!**



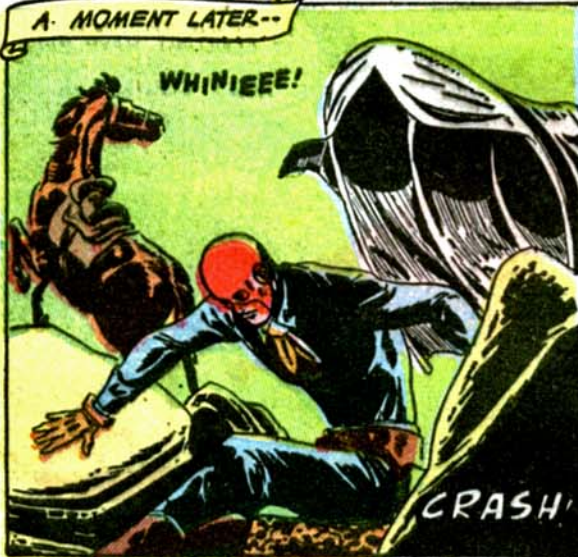
THEN--

WELL--  
**THIS  
IS IT!**



A MOMENT LATER--

WHINIEE!



THAT GITS ME OUT OF A TIGHT SPOT,  
BRONC-- BUT LONGHORN AN' HIS VARMINTS  
ARE ON THEIR WAY TUH DYNAMITE THE  
DAM-- CLEAR AT THE OTHER END O'  
MUSTANG LAKE! IF WE TAKE THE ROCKY  
TRAIL THAT CIRCLES THE LAKE-- WE'LL  
**NEVER MAKE IT IN TIME!**





BUT S'PPOSIN' WE **DON'T** RIDE! LONGHORN FIGGERED HE'D FINISH ME OFF WITH THIS WAGON-- BUT I'M NOT THROUGH GITTIN' USE OUT OF IT YET-- NOT BY A LONG SIGHT!



THIS'LL TAKE JEST A FEW MINUTES! NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE WAGON TONGUE BACK IN PLACE-- THE **NEXT** STEP IS TUH TIE THE TOPSIDE OF THIS CANVAS HOOD TO A POLE!



IT'S BEGIN-  
NIN' TUH  
TAKE  
SHAPE!



GITTIN' **ACROSS** THE LAKE WILL TAKE A HEAP LESS TIME THAN GOIN' **AROUND** IT-- AN' I'VE GOT JEST THE KIND O' RIG I NEED-- A **SAILBOAT!**



CLIMB IN, BRONC-- I FIGGER WE GOT JEST ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES TUH REACH THE DAM!



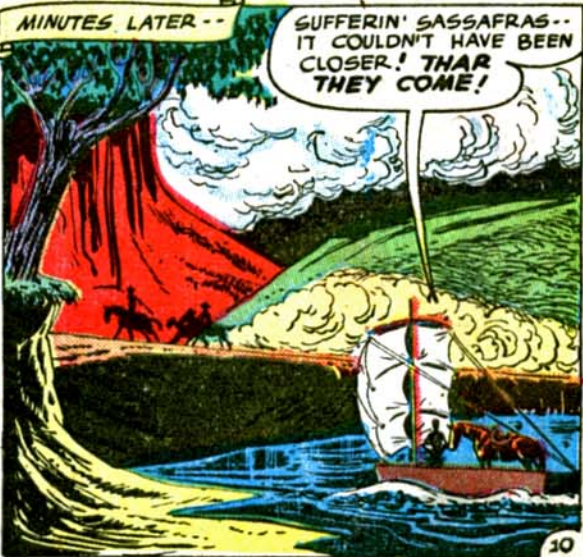
THEN-- WITH THE WIND PUSHING AGAINST THE MAKESHIFT SAIL--

WE'RE GITTIN' THAR, BRONC! WHATEVER'S AHEAD OF US, I'M SHORE O' ONE THING-- IT'S TIMES LIKE **THIS** THAT I'M GONNA MISS **FLASH** MOST!



MINUTES LATER--

SUFFERIN' SASSAFRAS-- IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN CLOSER! **THAR** THEY COME!



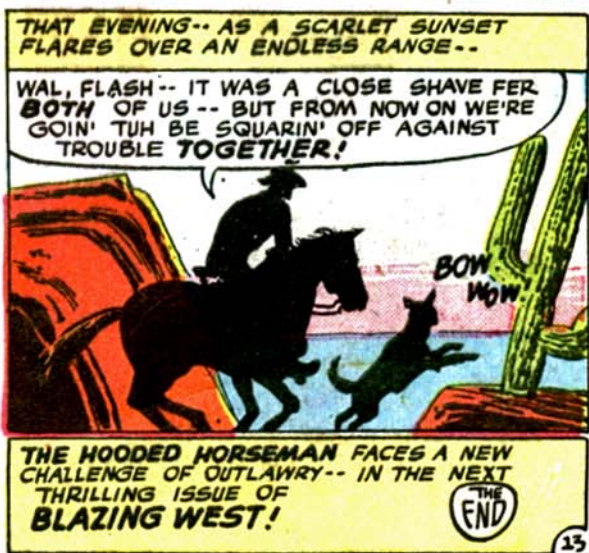
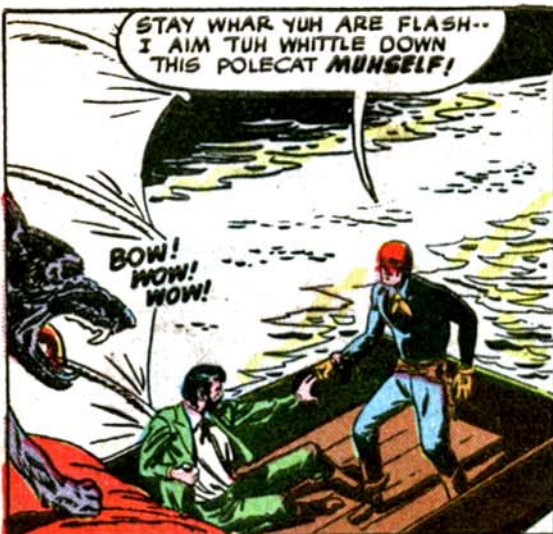






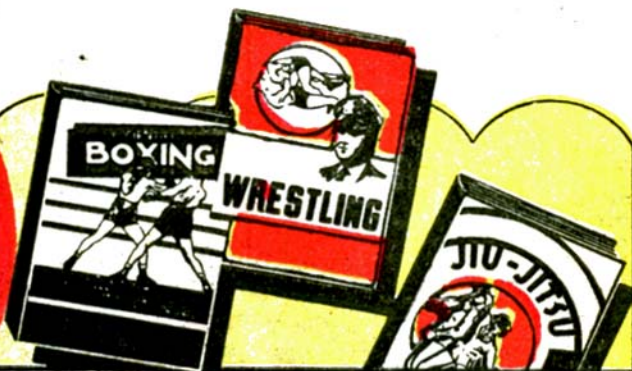








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not the slave!  
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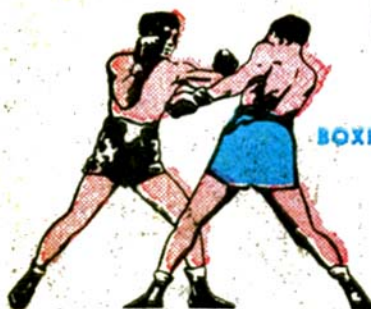
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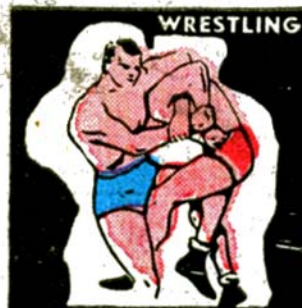
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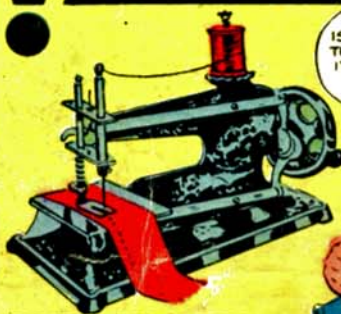
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